

## The Passings

There are years to go before the last perfect day  
on Earth. Then the sun will begin to swell, and life  
will cease, shorelines will retreat as oceans boil,  
and all will glow a barren red and airless gray,

By then I will be shadow, long dead. Now, I live  
amid joys and sorrows, with the love of a girl  
in a backseat, behind her mommy and daddy,  
as they pilgrim to a motel in New Hampshire,

blowing kisses out her window to teenage strays,  
drunk in a sportscar, honking and cursing at her  
family squareback's pace, as they are full on passing,  
as if they are ready to face eternal sleep,

as they leave her family behind on the highway,  
that is endless, and endless, and everything.

DAN SCHNEIDER